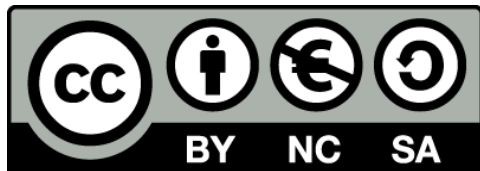


flip book 2

a morsel of material studies



by les wade



this book is dedicated to deborah lawrence

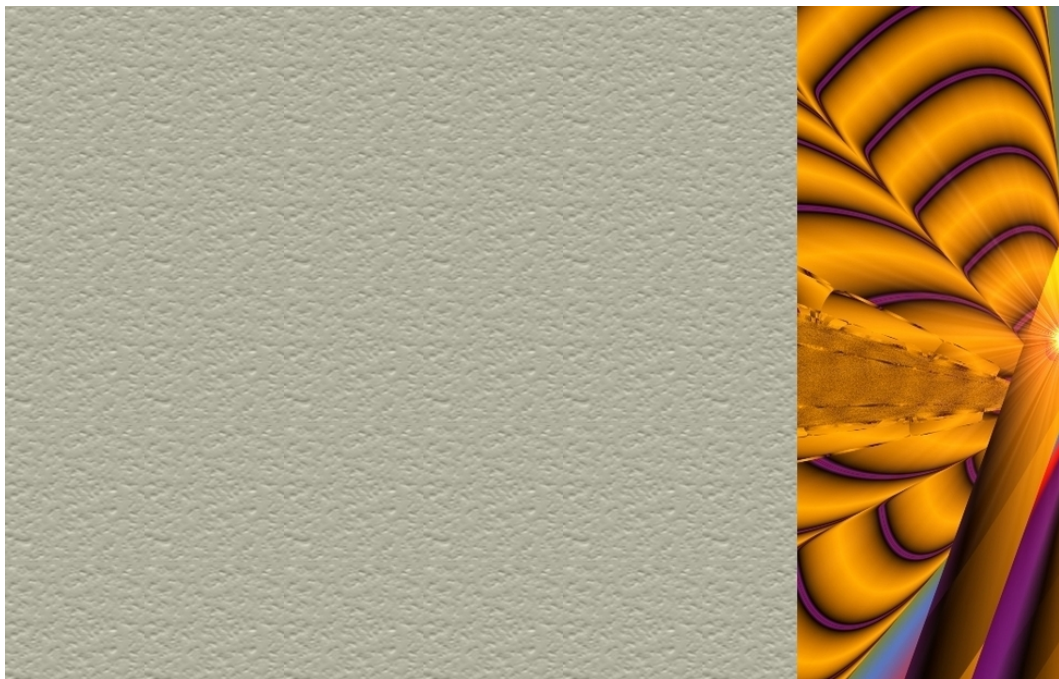
press then release press
kranaan@yahoo.com

bags of fun

bags of noise

the big bag of smells

was an experiment



pure house blink flavor
cornered light
assure my cellophane
extra-professional like
album in
a bunch of sun glass
suddenly tooth years
blond hair drip
your wasp trickle
jotted fleck
a little lyre
against my braniac headquarter
cardboard night-shakes
a moment of portal
a body apart
a bottle of yellow
and a mild archaism

everyone wants to lose their orbit

prime pocket climate
tasted metallurgy
iridescent youth plop
slide through poster phase
or, serious magnet experiments
aeolian heart,
my rude mechanicals
melodic tube
the string unseen
along in play
an age of "oh"s
and after an hour
castanet parentheses

it's all those essed words
suppressed, obsessed, redressed
tactical lunch music
thing english
no moon nine

a wounded edit
auratic thin layers
the shining reproducibles
the ultra-xeroxed
an interjection
sporkasm!
an introduction:

and it's movie time in 1999! back when everyone had their own theme song. they are looking for a strong voice. they are trying to save a strong tomorrow. they are from the khaki kitchens, and containing baggy khaki. they were even clad in khaki, saying CLACK -CLACK-CLACK!" and they were holding up their voice like a container. "go," they said. "stop. stand. look. see dick run. see dick fall down." everything was flat and brightly illustrated and they were holding their sides and taking a step forward. i was thinking "invisible, invisible" and then "nurtz, chuck-o! let's get out of here!" everyone wants to lose their orbit.



(HISTORICAL SIDEBAR) an old girlfriend of mine, wendy govier, a canadian artist,
once told me i had a good feel for color, so:

generalized solarium blue
a humming extends
from one end of the box
to another awkward
cerulean
moment

ill-humanated

"i just love opuses!"

